

G CLOTHS!

First Importation of Novelties in
OAK CLOTHS, including

ots;
ipe Cheviots;
Stripe Alice Cloth;
Self-colored Box Cloths.
Cloths, include Bottle Green, Olive,
ral shades, Browns, Navy and Myrtle.
ment will re-open on Monday, 4th inst.,
d styles of OUTSIDE GARMENTS to order

th good work and style.
RTSON & ALLISON.

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G TRADE,

ND WITH ENLARGED PREMISES
and a larger and better assorted
stock of

TOVES,
RARGES,
TINWARE, and
HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE,

an we have ever before held, we are prepared
to serve our customers to
better purpose than ever.

AS TO PRICES, we solicit a careful and
critical comparison from all those who desire
secure the Best Value for their Money,
owing that the values we offer cannot be
equalled by any in the trade.

5 and 79 Prince Wm. Street.

JOHN, N. B.,
March 15, 1889.

d: In answer to yours
that you can buy Clothing
NG STORE, 5 Market
than any other place I
first-class. They invite
fine large stock. They
ths, Boys and Children;
ents' Furnishing Goods,
t what you want. You
SCOVIL, FRASER &
friend,

T. H. E. TRUTH.
the Red Light.

D VALUE

; Ladies' and Children's Wove
and Colored Cashmeres;
y Coats, Embroidered
; Gent's Ribbed
, etc., etc.,

ral Dry Goods Store,
REET. 179

T. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART.

STUDIO BUILDING, 74 GERMAIN ST.,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE SCHOOL-ROOMS are now open to Pupils
m 10 until 6 every day in the week, except Satur-
day afternoons.

The aim of the School is to give Pupils a good
training in

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

The course taught consists in—
Drawing from Models and objects;
the Antique;
Life;
Still Life.
Painting from Life.

Lectures on PERSPECTIVE, including Parallel,
parallel and Oblique Perspective; casting Shadows
gas light and sun light; Reflections in the mirror
water.

A specialty is made of Portraiture in this School.
Pupils are taught to draw them in Charcoal and
Oils, and to Paint them in Pastel and Oil.

Principal—JOHN C. MILES, A. R. C. A.
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SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

A NICE LOT OF

PERFUMES,

In Bulk,

JUST RECEIVED AT

A. CROCKETTS,

162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

DAVID CONNELL,

very and Boarding Stables, Sydney St

Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Picnics
short notice.

CLARICE.

You linger long, Clarice, you linger;
The fire dies low, the room grows cold;
The diamond on your third white finger
Burns on, deep-set in lambent gold.

Unheard the wind without is wailing;
Unseen, the moon above is bright;
Where not a barque of cloud is sailing
The vast blue solitudes of night.

Your heart, Clarice, has fled, a rover,
Across black leagues of wintry main;
And where Italian skies lean over,
With you 'tis summer time again.

You hear the birds in laurel close;
You watch the bright lake dews and gleams;
Once more amid Belagian roses
You dream young love's ecstatic dream.

Ah! quivering lips bespeak your sorrow.
Fall softly, tears, for him who died!
But that was long ago. To-morrow,
To-morrow you will be a bride.

You love; and ne'er was lover fonder
Than he whose heart 'tis yours to win;
And yet—and yet—you can but ponder
Upon the mystic "might have been!"

—Clinton Scottard, in *The Traveller's Record*.

THAT 'CYCLOPEEDY.

Havin' lived next door to 'e Hobart
place f'r goin' on 30 years, I calculate
I know jest about as much about the case
as anybody else, now on airth, exceptin'
perhaps it's o' Judge Baker, and he's so
playguy o'd 'n' so powerful feeble that he
don't know nothin'.

It seems that in the spring of '47—the
year that Cy Watson's oldest boy was
drowned in West river—there come along
a book agent sellin' volumes 'n' tracks f'r
the diffusion of knowledge, 'n' havin' got
the recommend of the minister 'n' o' the
selectmen, he done an all-fired big business
in our part of the county. His name was
Lemuel Higgins, 'n' he was as likely a
talker as I ever heerd, barr'n Lawyer Con-
key, 'n' everybody allowed that when Con-
key was 'round he talked so fast that the
town pump'd have to be greased every
20 minutes.

One of the first of our folks that this
Lemuel Higgins struck was Leander Ho-
bart. Leander had jest marr'd one o' the
Pensley girls, 'n' had moved into the old
homestead on the Plainville road—ol'
Deacon Hobart havin' given up the place to
him, the other boys havin' moved out
West (like a lot o' darned fools that they
vuz!). Leander was feelin' his oats jest
about this time, 'n' nuthin' was to good f'r
him.

"Hattie," says he, "I guess I'll have to
lay in a few books f'r readin' in the winter
time, 'n' I've half a notion to subscribe f'r
a cyclopedy. Mr. Higgins here says they're
invaluable in a family, and that we
orter have 'n' bein' as how we're likely to
have the family himbly."

"Lor's sakes, Leander, how you talk!"
says Hattie, blushin' all over, as brides
allers does to hear tell of sich things.

Waal, to make a long story short,
Leander bargained with Mr. Higgins f'r a
set o' them cyclopedies, 'n' he signed his
name to a long printed paper that showed
how he agreed to take a cyclopedy once in
so often, which was to be as often as a
new one of the volumes was printed. A
cyclopedy ain't printed all to once, be-
cause that would make it cost too much;
consequently the man that gits it up has it
strung along f'r part, so as to his folks
once every year or two, and gin'rally about
harvest time. So Leander kind o'
liked the idee, and he signed the printed
paper, 'n' made his affidavit to it afore
Judge Warner.

The first volume o' the cyclopedy stood
on a shelf in the old secretary in the
sett'n-room about four months afore they
had any use f'r it. One night Squire
Turner's son come over to visit Leander 'n'
Hattie, 'n' they got to talkin' about apples,
'n' the sort of apples that was the best.
Leander allowed that the Rhode Island
greenin' was the best, but Hattie 'n' the
Turner boy stuck up f'r the Roxbury
russet; till at last a happy idee struck
Leander, 'n' says he, "We'll leave it to
the cyclopedy, 'b'gosh! Whichever one
the cyclopedy says is the best will settle
it."

"But you can't find out nothin' 'bout
Roxbury russets nor Rhode Island greenin'
in our cyclopedy," says Hattie.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" says
Leander, kind o' indignant like.

"Cause ours hain't got down to the R
yet," says Hattie. "All ours tells about is
things beginnin' with A."

"Well, ain't we talkin' about Apples?"
says Leander. "Yon aggravate me terri-
bly, Hattie, by insistin' on knowin' what
you don't know nothin' 'bout."

Leander went to the secretary 'n' took
down the cyclopedy, 'n' hunted all through
it f'r Apples, but all he could find was
"Apple—see Pomology."

"How in thunder kin I see Pomology,"
says Leander, "when there ain't no Pom-
ology to see? G'd darn a cyclopedy,
anyhow!"

An' he put the volume back onto the
shelf 'n' never set eyes onto it agin.

That's the way the thing run f'r years
'n' years. Leander would 'a' gin up the
plaguy bargain, but he couldn't; he'd
signed printed paper 'n' swore to it afore
a justice of the peace. Higgins would
have had the law on him if he had throw'd
the trade.

The most aggravatin' feature of it all
was, that a new one o' them cussed cyclo-
pedies was allus sure to show up at the
wrong time—when Leander was har up, or
had jest been afflicted some way or other.

His barn burnt down two nights afore the
volume containin' the letter B arrived,
and Leander needed all his chink to pay
f'r lumber; but Higgins sot his back on that
affair and done the law out of him.

"Never mind, Leander," says his wife,
soothin' like, "it's a good book to have in
the house, anyhow, now that we've got a
baby."

"That's so," says Leander. "Babies
does begin with B, don't it?"

You see their first baby had been born,
they named him Peaseley—Peaseley Hobart
—after Hattie's folks. So, seens as how
it was payin' f'r a book that told about
babies, Leander didn't begrege that five
dollars so very much, after all.

"Leander," says Hattie, one forenoon,
"that B cyclopedy ain't no account.
There ain't nothin' in it about babies ex-
cept 'See Maternity.'"

"Waal, I'll be gosh darned!" says
Leander. That was all he said, 'n' he
couldn't do nothin' at all, f'r that book
agent, Lemuel Higgins, had the dead wood
on him—the mean, sneakin' critter!

So the years passed on—one o' them
cyclopedies showin' now 'n' then, some-
times every two years 'n' sometimes every
four, but allus at a time when Leander
found it pesky hard to give up a fiver. It
warn't no use cussin' Higgins; Higgins
jest laffed when Leander allowed that the
cyclopedy was no good 'n' that he was
bein' robbed. Meantime Leander's family
was increasin' 'n' growin'. Little Sary
had the whoopin' cough dreadful one
winter, but the cyclopedy didn't help out
at all, 'cause all it said was, "Whoopin'
Cough—see Whoopin' Cough." 'n' o'
course there warn't no Whoopin' Cough to
see, bein' as how the W hadn't come yet.

Once when Hiram wanted to dreen the
home paster, he went to the cyclopedy to
find out about it, but all he disklivered was,
"Dreen—see Tile." This was in 1859, and
the cyclopedy had only got down to G.
The cow was sick with lung fever one
spell, and Leander laid her dyin' to that
cussed cyclopedy, 'cause when he went to
readin' about cows it told him to "See
Zoology."

But what's the use of harrowin' up one's
feelin's talkin' 'n' thinkin' about these
things? Leander got so after awhile that
the cyclopedy didn't worry him at all; he
grew to look at it as one o' the crosses that
human critters has to bear without com-
plainin' through this vale of tears.

The only thing that bothered him was the fear
that mebbe he wouldn't live to see the last
volume, 'n' to tell the truth, this kind o' got
to be his hobby, 'n' I've hearn him talk
about it many a time, settin' round the
stove at the tavern 'n' squirtin' tobacco
juice at the sawdust box. His wife, Hattie,
passed away with the yaller jaundice the
winter W come, and all that seemed to re-
concile Leander to survivin' her was the
prospect of seein' the last volume o' that
cyclopedy. Lemuel Higgins, the book
agent, had gone to his everlastin' punish-
ment; but his son, Hiram, had succeeded
to his father's business, 'n' continued to
visit the folks his old man had roped in.

By this time, Leander's children had
grewed up; all on 'em marr'd, 'n' there
was numerus grandchildren to amuse the old
gentleman. But Leander wuzn't to be
satisfied with the common things of airth;
he didn't seem to take no pleasure in his
grandchildren like most men do; his mind
was allers sot on somethin' else,—for hours,
all day long, he'd set out on
front stop lookin' wistfully up the road for
that book agent to come along with a cyclo-
pedy. He didn't want to die till he'd got
all the cyclopedies his contract called for;
he wanted to have everything straightened
out afore he passed away.

When—oh, how well I recollect it!—when
Y come along, he was so overcome that he
fell over in a fit of paralysis, 'n' the old
gentleman never got over it. For the next
three years he drooped 'n' pined, and
seemed like he couldn't hold out much
longer. Finally he had to take to his bed,
he was so old 'n' feeble; but he made 'em
move the bed up against the window so he
could watch for that last volume of the
cyclopedy.

The end come one balmy day in the
spring of '87. His life was a-ebbin' power-
ful fast; the minister was there, 'n' me, 'n'
Dock Wilson, 'n' Judge Baker, 'n' most o'
the family. Lovin' hands smoothed the
wrinkled forehead 'n' brushed back the
long, scant, white hair, but the eyes of the
dying man was sot upon that piece of road
down which the cyclopedy man allus come
into them 'eys, 'n' old Leander riz up in
bed 'n' says, "It's come!"

"What is it, father?" asked his daughter
Sary, sobbin' like.

"Hush!" says the minister, solemnly;
"he sees the shinin' gates of the Noo Jeru-
salem."

"No, no," cried the aged man; "it's the
cyclopedy the letter Z—'tis comin'!"

An' sure enough! The door opened 'n'
in walked Higgins, 'n' he tottered rather
than walked, f'r he had growed old 'n' feeble
in his wicked perfession.

"Here's the Z cyclopedy, Mr. Hobart,"
says Higgins.

Leander clutched it; he hugged it to his
pantin' bosom; then, stealin' one pale hand
under the pillar, he drew out a faded bank
note 'n' gave it to Higgins.

"I thank thee for this boon," says Leander,
rollin' his eyes up devoutly; then he
gave a deep sigh.

"Hold on," cried Higgins, excitedly.
"You've made a mistake—it isn't the
last—"

But Leander didn't hear him—his soul
had fled from its mortal tenement, 'n' had
soared rejoicin' to realms of everlastin'
bliss.

"He is no more," says Dock Wilson,
metaphorically.

"Then who are his heirs?" asked that
mean critter Higgins.

"We be," says the family.

"Do you conjointly 'n' severally acknowl-
edge 'n' assume the obligation of deceased
to me?" he asked 'em.

"What obligation?" asked Peaseley Ho-
bart, stern like.

"Deceased died owin' me f'r a cyclo-
pedy!" says Higgins.

"That's a lie!" says Peaseley. "We all
seen him pay you for the Z."

"But there's another one to come," says
Higgins.

"Another?" they all asked.

"Yes, the index!" says he.

So there was, 'n' I'll be eternally gol-
durned if he ain't a-suin' the estate in the
probate court now f'r the price of it.—
Chicago News.

No medicine has had greater success in
checking consumption, in its early stages,
than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It stops
coughing, soothes the throat and lungs, and
induces much-needed repose. Hundreds
have testified to the remarkable virtues of
this preparation.—*Advt.*

CHARITY.

A beggar died last night; his soul
Went up to God, and said:
"I come uncalled; forgive me, Lord;
I died for want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord of Heaven,
"Son, how can this thing be?"
Are not my saints on earth? and they
Had surely succored thee."

"Thy saints, O Lord," the beggar said,
"Live holy lives of prayer;
How shall they know of such as we?
We perish unaware."

"Thy strive to save our wicked souls,
Meanwhile, not having bread to eat,
(Forgive!) our bodies die."

Then the Lord God spake out of heaven
In wrath and angry pain,
"O men, for whom my Son hath died,
My son hath lived in vain!"

—Arthur Symonds, *Woman's World*.

"A Dry Cough"

Is dangerous as well as troublesome.
It renders the patient liable to the rup-
ture of a blood vessel or to other serious
injury of throat and lungs. To allay
bronchial irritation and give immediate
relief, the best medicine is Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral.

"I was recently troubled with a dry
cough which seemed to be caused by an
irritation in the throat. My physician
prescribed for me, but no relief was ob-
tained. A little over a week ago, my
attention being called to Ayer's Cherry
Pectoral, I concluded to try it, and pur-
chased a bottle. After taking this medi-
cine only one day, I could see a change
for the better, and by the time I had
used it a week, my cough had entirely
disappeared."—H. W. Denny, Franklin
square, Worcester, Mass.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral leads all
other medicines as a sure, safe, and
speedy cure of throat and lung troubles."
—W. H. Graft & Co., Druggists, Carson,
Iowa.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

THE COLONEL'S TARANTULA.

Patience in Dealing with an Unwelcome
Circle.

"I'm a-tellin' you," said the Colonel, as
he removed his hat, "I'm a-tellin' you
that the tarantula of Texas is no slouch.
He's just about the wickedest, ugliest,
doggoned critter that was ever set
up on crooked legs, and the man who says
he isn't afraid of 'em is a liar from east to
west, and I know it. While their pizen is
no worse than a rattlesnake's, the idee of
being keeled over by such a horrid-looking
critter kills you to start with."

"Were you ever bitten, Colonel?"

"But I got it worse than being bitten.
Dog-gone my buttons, but when I think of
it I lose a foot in length and get a mouth
as dry as last year's cotton!"

"What was it?"

"Well, one night last summer I cauped
down after a hard day's ride and slept the
sleep of the just. When I opened my eyes
in the morning I was lying on the broad
of my back, head well up on the saddle, and
the blanket pulled up to my chin. Right
on my breast was one of the biggest taran-
tulas ever produced. He was evidently
waiting for me to wake up, for as soon as
I opened my eyes he took a walk."

"Walked away, eh?"

"No, sir! He walked upward and began
to caress my chin. Then he took a saunter
up my cheek and inspected my hat, stop-
ping every now and then as if he had found
a good place to sting. In two minutes I
was sweating like a horse after a ten-mile
gallop, and I was ever so scared to pray.
I know I tried to, and I'll be hanged if I
didn't get off a paragraph of the Texas
stock law in place of the Lord's prayer."

"And the tarantula finally left?"

"Yes, sooner finally. I was lying about
10 o'clock, I believe. Meanwhile he was
promenading up and down and enjoying
the sunshine and sizing me up. I kept my
eyes shut most of the time, but I could
trace his movements by the sense of feeling.
About 9 o'clock a second spider put in an
appearance and began to caress the back of
my neck, but my old friend objected, and he
had a lively set-to on my stomachy. The
newcomer was knocked out in the third
round, and went off for repairs."

"And you didn't spring up and dash the
tarantula aside?"

"Did you ever spring out of the way of
a bullet, young man? I couldn't have
gathered myself before he'd have popped it
to me full figures. No, sir, I just lay thar'
and waited for him to get tired and go. He
finally went, but I couldn't say how far,
and I hadn't moved a finger when a couple
of cowboys rode up. Then I jumped clear
of the blanket and told my story, but they
wouldn't believe it."

"They wouldn't?"

"No, sir; but while I was shooting one
of them the other lifted up my blanket, and
that blamed tarantula, who was a cidden
away, stung his hand, and he died in an
hour. Had to have an inquest and bury
both of 'em at my own expense, and I lost
five days' time."

Rats, Hazel Nuts and Law.

Captain Crosby, of a Nova Scotia barque
now unloading at pier No. 13, East River,
is a jolly old sea dog, who was a veter-
an of the coasting trade. About 50 years
of age, broad shouldered and heavily built,
his face thickly covered with a black beard,
the captain is easily the ideal skipper of the
sea.

"On a recent voyage to New York," said
the captain, "I carried a cargo consisting
in part of some 500 bags of hazel nuts.
When we made port the owner of the cargo
came on board. I assured him of its safety,
and together we went through the ship.
Everything was all right until we came to the
nuts. Imagine our surprise to see the bags
torn and the nuts lying scattered in
heaps here and there. A small hole had
been gnawed in the end of each nut and the
meat extracted as clean as a whistle. The
work of rats, of course."

"The next day a sorrow-faced chap wear-
ing his hair down to his shoulders came on
board, said he was a professional rat-catch-
er, and offered to clear the ship for \$5.
I engaged his services on the spot. Des-
cending into the hold with no visible im-
plements but a large bag and a dark lan-
tern, the hatches were closed, and after a
lapse of several hours the fellow reappeared,
his bag full of the rodents. I paid over the
money and he left the ship. When upon the
dock he turned, leered at me and delib-
erately let fall the bag. The rats bound-
ed forth, and every one of them made for
the ship they had so lately left.

A curious sight it was, too, I assure you.
"Before I could make a move the fellow
took to his heels, stopping only long
enough to bawl out that he'd do the work
over again for another \$5. If I only had
him here," continued the irate captain,
"warning up under the recital of his wrongs,
I'd make him walk the plank."

A result of the loss of the nuts was to
develop a curious point in nautical law.
The owner of the cargo sued to recover
the value of the nuts, but as Capt. Crosby
proved that he had a cat on board the ship
during the voyage, the court held that he
had taken reasonable precaution and dis-
missed the suit.—*New York Evening Sun.*

KID GLOVES.

It doesn't affect the quality of our Gloves one bit, nor make them better or worse, but
ALL THE SAME it is very pleasant for us to hear such a universal Chorus of Satisfaction
from all classes of people, each harping upon the same string: "It is really wonderful the
way that Glove of FAIRALL & SMITH'S does wear." This is the remark of one lady to
another, as she extended her hand to display a pair worn over a year, and with every seam
in perfect condition. Our price is still 64c., and we will send them FREE BY POST to
any address.

FAIRALL & SMITH.

Our Mantle and Dressmaking Department will be found on the First Floor above the Shop.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, A. D. 1720.

Cash Assets, - - - Over Sixteen Million Dollars.

R. W. W. FRINK, St. John,
General Agent for New Brunswick.

LOVE ON THE RAILWAY.

And Cupid Danced a Hornpipe in the
Circle.

I had been asleep in my seat in the pas-
senger coach as the train was rollin through
Kentucky, and was aroused by a couple
taking the seat in front of me. I did not
raise my head, but made out that he was a
young fellow of 22, or thereabouts, and she
was a young woman of 18 or 20.

"Reckon he's asleep?" queried the girl,
referring to me.

"I'm shore of it," he replied, after taking
a look at the back of my head.

There was an interval of silence, cut on
the bias and warranted fast color, and then
he queried:

"Glad ye come, Mary?"

"Sorter, Bill."

"We're friends, hain't we?"

"Shore."

"I never did keer fur no other gal."

"Shoo! Now, you is tumblin' me."

"Shore as I live, Mary, I wouldn't
marry no gal in our hull, no how."

"Honest?"

"True as cucumbers. Pap likes ye,
Mary."

"Glad on't."

"And man likes ye."

"Glad on't."

"And pap was a-savin' to me that if I
got marr'd I could bring my wife right
home."

"Your pap is good."

"But I can't get marr'd, Mary."

"De